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The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or statement expressed in any article that appears in this Magazine.

The Gnome and the Sylph.

In the shadows of a deep forest that clothed the sides of a river gorge in the vast mountains of Eastern California there once dwelt a Gnome. He was a dark and rather ugly-visaged fellow, who lived much of the time in the giant caves and recesses which nature had fashioned in the granite rock of the mountain. The Gnome rather liked the darkness and gloom of his caves and forests. In the wierd moonlight he roamed among them, seeking his food, which was principally coarse roots, with a green pebble or two by way of desert ; as daylight approached he would skulk back to the hollow of a great boulder, or perhaps to a hole in the base of some majestic sequoia tree. Altogether the Gnome was sadly lacking in culture, and led a very dull and unhappy life. Yet, strange to say, he imagined that Nature had nothing higher into which he might change.

A few miles farther up in the mountains, among the tiny streamlets that united to form the great river near which the Gnome lived, there also dwelt a wood nymph or sylph. In those lofty regions, where the great river had its rise, the sun shone bright in the sky. There Spring prevailed from one year's Winter to the next, and in the verdant groves, which were rich in a great variety of foliage, and in the meadows, where a thousand delicate grasses wove a soft carpet for her dancing feet, the Sylph passed a happy and tranquil life, flitting from beauty to beauty, like a bright insect among the flowers, seeking always the pure and the lovely, her heart innocent and kind. Of course, you will have surmised that, like most Sylphs, she lived almost exclusively on a diet of

dew, sipped from the chalices of primroses and lilies. She was graceful as the lithe limbs of the willow, and lovely in face and form as the fleet doe that nibbled ferns from her little white hand.

One day she wandered some distance down the stream to a place where it left the emerald meadows behind and plunged headlong into its narrow prison, the canon gorge. Singularly enough, on that self-same day, the Gnome, acting under some vague impulse to go upward and out of the eternal shadows that encompassed his life, left his native haunts and climbed far up the river. Suddenly he stopped and stared. Airily poised on a cedar branch that had fallen across a granite rock was the Sylph, looking with some alarm at the approaching Gnome. You see neither had ever heard of the other, for there are few newspapers in those solitudes of nature.

"How ugly," thought the Sylph.

"How lovely," thought the Gnome, who, despite his lack of culture seemed to have a rude and primitive sense of the beautiful. Etiquette—a thing you would scarcely expect to find among creatures of the mountain fastnesses—forbade their speaking, but the Gnome slouched back to his caves to find them damp and gloomy; and the Sylph flitted to her upland bowers, thoughtful and just a bit sad.

The next day, after she had breakfasted at the bed of flowers that fringed the grassy lawns, it occurred to the Sylph that the exercise of the excursion down stream had been rather beneficial to her health—though she was health itself, bright little dear. So she thought that for the sake of the exercise, she would trip it again, and away she flew, down the meadow and along the margin of the wood.

Now, that same morning, the Gnome, waking from a dreamful slumber, bethought him of the wonders of the upper gorge. So, gobbling a few cobble-stones, and giving his beard a few strokes with a pine cone, he started away.

"I need some sun, anyhow," he said to himself apologetically, slightly coughing to give point to the remark, "for these shadows and night dews are giving me a settled cold in the chest!"

So it happened that the Sylph and the Gnome met a second time, quite as accidentally, you see, as the first. The Gnome came a little nearer, and the Sylph shyly looked him over, out of the corners of her eyes (women were ever a bit curious, some dys-

peptic men have said, you know). But while the Gnome, from beneath his shaggy brows, looked stealthily at the lovely creature so near him, he happened to cough, indiscreet fellow, and unconsciously put his hand to his chest. Presto! The fleet-footed Sylph was out of sight in a jiffy. But as she sped away like a bird on wing, she thought to herself, "How he coughed, poor fellow! He should take better care of himself," and a sympathetic sigh rose from her gentle bosom.

Well, you know how it is among young people—especially of opposite sexes. They became acquainted, the Gnome and the Sylph; they compared notes, exchanged ideas, and gradually got very chummy.

"What a beast I am," often soliloquized the Gnome, surveying himself in a pool and thinking of his grovelling ways. "She's so bright and fair—how *could* I have lived all these ages (you know they are long-lived, these impossible little people) without a bit of the æsthetic to refine me?"

And she? Why, woman-like, she admired his strength, his courage, his *mind*—for he had an A 1 head, when once he attacked a problem; and she thought there was something stately and fine even in his slow way of talking and walking. The main thing though, was her pity for him. She was all love and sympathy, once she lost her fright. Why, the bears even, used to come to her when they stubbed their toes, to have her kiss them and make them well.

The Gnome gradually moved up, and up, and up, toward the meadows and groves and the sunlit sky, where the Sylph dwelt. For when love ennobles and makes us wise, it draws us to a purer atmosphere, and a higher and brighter environment. The soft grasses, the flower-decked groves, the soft air, the blue of heaven, they stirred a mighty music in his soul.

"My dear," said the Sylph, one day, fixing her big brown eyes very seriously upon the Gnome, "do you know you've grown better looking. Why you're getting positively handsome."

Perhaps it was only love, that looks upon the objects of its tenderness with a lenient eye—a blind one, the poets say, but I don't believe it. Or, it may have been that there was a real change, and the outward form of the Gnome had been gradually altering to correspond with the remarkable refinement that association with his higher self—we might have said his "better half"—had wrought in him.

—Morello.

How the Pitchers Went to the Brook.

It was a bright morning—I will not say in *May*, because this was in California, and the bright mornings there are like May all the year around. There was dew on the grass, every drop of it making a picture of its own; there were flowers in bloom, and the bees were busy getting the honey out of their beautiful cups; and close by the side of the road, singing a rippling song, was—what do you think? A clear running stream of water!

Now, this little brook had had a hard time to get there. The wind fairies had drawn it up from the wide sea, and a mother cloud had taken it and held it close to her bosom as she floated lazily over the tops of the trees, and over the hills and over the Bay, until she came to the mountains, which were so high that she sat down to rest on them, and the little brook slipped out of her arms and ran away, over rocks and through the ground; and here it was, this beautiful morning, adding to the beauty of everything its clear face and merry laugh as it danced away through the town. Nobody seemed to think it strange that this beautiful creature was there where there had been only dry land before, and so people stepped over it and passed it by, and some even stepped into it and made it muddy, but its face soon cleared again and it went on as jolly as ever.

Now, I said that nobody *seemed* to notice it; but you must not think from that that nobody really *did* do so. Away up on the side of the hill, in a little house that had many cupboards, were some empty pitchers. These pitchers were of many sizes and forms and colors, and they had been empty for a long time. Did you ever hear anyone say that “pitchers have ears?” Well, you know that pitchers are made to hold milk and water, besides other things, and when anything is made for a certain purpose, it is only happy when it is doing the thing for which it was made; and, as these pitchers had been empty for so long, they were very intently listening; and they heard something! A voice seemed to be saying: “Water! Water!”

“Did that come from the cupboard?” said the tiniest of the pitchers.

“No”, said the big brown pitcher, “I think it came from the room.”

“Indeed, you are mistaken,” said a middle-sized white pitcher;

"I hear it distinctly, and it comes from the great world out of doors."

All put great confidence in what the middle-sized white pitcher said, and so they listened more intently; but each heard it in just the same way as before.

"Let us go and see!" said a little yellow pitcher that had not spoken before.

They all laughed. "Whoever heard of such a thing?" said the wee one. "Miss Yellow is growing pert," said the brown one. She would have stuck up her nose—if she could have done so. Then they all waited to hear what the middle-sized white pitcher would say.

In the meantime, the little brook was dancing merrily along in the sunshine, and did not know at all that its ripple was being heard in the cupboard in the little house on the hill. I say it did not know, and yet it had an uneasy feeling, as one does who is being talked about.

The middle-sized white pitcher did not say anything for a long time, and so all of the others were silent, and all were hearing "Water! Water!" and all were wishing to follow the advice of Miss Yellow, but no one liked to say that she held such a foolish notion.

"I wonder how far away it is!" finally said the middle-sized white pitcher.

All sighed a little at this speech—a glad sigh—because it was just what they were all thinking, as they wished to do just what the yellow pitcher had suggested, and they were glad that the middle-sized white pitcher had spoken.

You see these pitchers were no more honest with themselves than people are who are afraid to think until someone tells them they may.

Just then something happened. A boy came into the room. "Grandma," he shouted, (now the pitchers had not noticed before that there was a Grandma in the room, and they everyone picked up their ears;) "Jim and I have built a beautiful cistern, and we want to fill it from the brook. Can we take a pitcher?"

The pitchers fairly shook the cupboard, they were so glad. "Be careful and not break them," said Grandma.

And that is the way the pitchers went to the brook; but they never came back to the cupboard again, because the brook did not dry up and the cistern had to be filled everyday.

The Awakening of Prana.

Boys and girls, the Spring is here! Spring, Nature's resurrection morn, Prana's joyous waking! How sweetly Prana sings! Do you not hear this glad song?

Of course, you all know who and what is Prana. If not, go into the garden or into the fields, and ask of the trees, the flowers, the earth. It may be that you will find them too busy to hear you at first, for Prana is always at work. It is never idle, even when asleep. But now, that it is *awake*! Just watch its happy working, so happy that the work is play! See, the air is all aquiver with the glancing and flashing of the sunbeams! Listen! There's a murmur of song in every root and stem! There's a stir in every twig! There's a moving soul in branch and sod! There's a spirit abroad, a spirit of Life, "that saith to the buds, 'Unclose!'" That spirit is Prana, and Prana is Life.

As the sunlight fills the world with light, so Prana fills it with life. The earth and its children—the grasses, the flowers, the trees, every tiny seed—yes, and boys and girls, both young and old—drink in the Prana. They hold it fast; they inbreathe it; they breathe it out. It comes, it goes, it changes; it sleeps, it wakes; it rises, it falls like the waves of ocean; but it never dies, this wonderful Prana, for it is the Breath of the Eternal One, and its home is the Sun.

When the Sun is hidden from us by this turning world of ours, Prana takes a nap; also, when the Sun turns its face southward, and winter comes with chilling frost. Then the earth and her plant family go to sleep—a sleep akin to death.

But, when the Sun returns to us, the fresh, wide-awake Pranic sprites fill the air once again. They call to their cousins, asleep in poplar and willow, in peach and apple and plum trees, in tulip bulb and rose bush, in all the tiny seeds nestling in the soft, warm sod. "Awake!" they say; "Arise! Sing!"

Song, as you know, is form and color. So, when the Pranic song swells louder and stronger, it becomes daisies, buttercups, violets, soft delicate grass, the radiant golden poppy, dainty baby-eyes, pink and blue, the weather-watching pimpernel, the white, fragrant almond blossom, the rosy peach—all the wealth of blossom and leaf, with their prophecies of fruit and harvest. The earth is

glad she is born once again. Nature rises from the tomb where she has slept. A new life springs out of the old, a night of sweet sleep between.

And this waking of Prana to a new day of flower and fruit is the real Resurrection, the true Easter. By the way, the name Easter comes from *Astare*, Goddess of Dawn—a picture idea of our Saxon ancestors. How clearly some of these old pagans saw the truth! And so, perhaps, should we see it, if we thought about it. But our minds are so filled with thoughts of candies, dolls and jack knives, of dismal problems of fractions and interest, of books of ologies, and more than all these, with the restless desire of getting ahead of someone else, that we have neither time nor thought for the message of the Spring—the message of Resurrection, the renewal of Life.

Life never dies ; never grows old. Sometimes it sleeps in order to gain fresh vigor for a new day ; but it does not die. Death is but change—Prana changes its dress, that is all.

“I have lived before, I shall live again ; I shall live always.” That is the message of Spring. That is the hymn of Life—the Song of Prana.

M. A. W.

Persephone.

The drama of Spring, this rhythmic wakening of Life from its Death-sleep was well known to the Greeks of old. Their poetic fancy wove this idea into the beautiful and pathetic story of Persephone (*Per-sef-o-ne*), the beloved daughter of Demeter. Persephone's smile was radiant sunshine ; her songs thrilled the earth and air with gladness. Wherever she walked wavy grasses and fragrant blooms sprang up, called into joyous life at the touch of her fairy feet. Drooping roses and lilies revived as her glance rested on them. A caress of her fingers made dry sticks burst into bud and leaf.

Wheresoever Persephone dwelt there it was laughing summer. Hades, king of death and sovereign of the under-world, demanded the maiden in marriage. Poor Persephone shrank from this awesome lover. Besides, she loved her mother and the pleasant earth too well to be willing to leave it, even for the crown of the under-world. But Hades resolved to wed the maiden whether she said

yes or no. He waited and watched ; and one day, when Persephone strayed near a stream in the flowery fields of Enna, Hades rose suddenly out of the ground—ebony chariot, coal-black steeds and all—seized the maid and carried her off to the world of darkness.

Alas ! in vain Persephone implored Zeus, the Father of the Gods. Zeus knew that Destiny willed it rightly so. Even the All-Father obeyed Destiny. He said, " It is well, " and smiled, for he understood.

But the sun sighed and grew pale ; the flowers shrank and withered with sorrow for the loss of Persephone. Mother Demeter wailed in anguish ; she cast aside her bright robes and shrouded her form in mourning veils. She demanded her daughter of Zeus ; but Zeus remained silent.

Then Demeter wandered over the earth in search of her lost one. It was a sad earth ; no more verdure ; no more harvest ; no fragrant blooms ; no song of bird. All was dark, silent, still—locked in a death-like slumber ; for Persephone, its life, had vanished.

Down, down, into the under-world went Demeter. She crossed the river Styx ; she braved the terrible three-headed dog Cerberus, that guarded the gates of the City of Hades. On, through the darkness, through the hall of shades, until she reached the palace of the dread king.

Hades received Demeter in royal state. By his side stood Persephone, but ah, how changed ! Pale, wan, a shadow of her former self. The laughter had died out of her eyes ; song had forsaken her lips. Now Hades had wanted to marry Persephone on account of her winsome life. He loved the queen of sunshine, not this sad ghost. He was then rather glad to see Demeter ; but the goddess was determined to take her child away from Hades. She pleaded, she threatened, she implored, until at length Hades said, " Yes, you may take your daughter. She has not once smiled, so she will not be a very great loss."

Persephone grew radiant with joy and smiled on the grim king for the very first time. But when she tried to walk away with Demeter, she seemed to be held fast, for move she could not. " Persephone, my child," cried Demeter, " what fate holds you ? Hades, are you mocking us ? "

Then a voice was heard saying : " Persephone has eaten with us.

Persephone belongs to the kingdom of death." Now, it was the law that if anyone ate of the food of the kingdom of Hades, he could not go forth unless Destiny and Zeus compelled.

Persephone had eaten a pomegranate seed! Demeter went forth alone. Still the earth remained asleep, the life within her bosom stirred not. The sun hid his face. The winds and the sea moaned and cried, "Persephone, Persephone," and then Demeter again sought Father Zeus: "Shall the earth remain forever desolate, O, mighty All-Father? Shall a mother's heart weep forever?"

"Nay," replied Zeus; "Such is not the will of the mighty Gods. Destiny is not cruel but loving. Be comforted, Demeter; the earth shall again be glad. Go, bear my will to Hades: For six months of every year, Persephone shall gladden you and the earth; for six months she will brighten Hades with her smile."

Thus it came to pass that Persephone returns to earth in Spring and Summer, while Autumn and Winter she abides with her husband, Hades.

Death and Life are wedded; from their union are born the passing lives of the earth.

The Rainbow Ladder.

(Concluded)

Leader. Here are our caps on the table, and I have put some strips of paper beside them, making with the caps seven colors in all. Can you tell me where we find these colors?

Pupils. We find them in the spectrum and in the rainbow.

L. Do you know why your caps are of the three colors instead of the seven?

P. We have seen that the four colors are made from the Red, Yellow and Blue.

L. Yes, we call them primary colors. Tell me how we get the four others.

P. Between blue and yellow is green; and between yellow and red is orange; and between red and blue are two colors—violet and indigo; so we have green, orange, violet and indigo, made from the three primary colors.

L. Yes, we call these four secondary colors. Of what is the rainbow our symbol?

P. The rainbow is the symbol of life.

L. Then must these colors have a likeness in us?

P. Yes, they must.

L. Have you learned about them?

P. We have learned about the primary colors in our Color Song: Yellow is Wisdom, Red is Love and Blue is Life.

L. What do you call these three?

P. We call them a trinity.

L. Yes, and another name is Triad. Can we separate them?

P. We see them apart; but in the ray of sunlight we cannot separate them. A trinity is three in one, and the ray of light is a trinity.

L. I will give you a name for the ray of Life shining in us. We say, the Higher Triad, or Atma-Buddhi-Manas, or Father, Holy Spirit and Son. Is this ray of Life always shining?

P. Always and always. It is the light that the sunlight symbols. Do the other four colors have a likeness in us?

L. Yes, they must; and in the same way. We call them secondary or lower principles, or the lower quaternary.

P. Why are they lower?

L. Because they are outer; and we have to turn away from them to know the Higher Triad. They are the part that changes or dies.

P. Is that why you say Rainbow Ladder?

L. Yes, we leave the four lower steps when we know the higher.

P. Shall we know the higher when we die?

L. If we have grown to it we shall; otherwise we shall not. You have seen how, year after year, the leaves come out on the trees and fall, and the tree gets larger and larger, and finally, when the tree is ready, the blossoms come all over it.

P. Are our bodies like the leaves of the trees?

L. Yes. Can you tell me what is the tree?

P. It must be the ray of Life, which is always the same. Oh, yes, and our bodies are like the changing colors that come and go—the secondary principles.

L. Can you see how we climb the ladder?

P. We shall get more and more Light.

L. We call that Consciousness. Of what shall we get Consciousness?

P. Of Life, Wisdom and Love—the ray of Life.

L. Another name is God. Let us be silent. —*Lydia Bell.*

The Children's Corner.

[This column will be devoted to questions and answers from children on Theosophical Subjects, which answers will be published with the initials of the sender.]

38. Q.—Do thoughts create forms, and if so, where do those forms remain?

A.—Thoughts *assume* or *take* forms rather than *create* them, and they remain in the aura of the earth, called the Astral Light.

A. D.

39. Q.—What is Theosophy doing for the world?

A.—It is teaching men that the same truths are in all religions, and that no one religion contains all of truth; it is reviving a knowledge of forgotten truths, particularly of Reincarnation and Karma; and it is teaching men not only that they *are* brothers, but *why*.

40. Q.—If people are not sensitive, do they feel the thoughts of others as much as sensitive people do?

A.—No; sensitive people are more likely to feel others' thoughts than those not sensitive.

H. E.

41. Q.—What is imagination and what are its elements, if it has any?

A.—Imagination is the power of the mind to create; it is, when properly understood, one of the highest faculties of man.

M. B.

42. Q.—What effect have thoughts on others and how do they affect them?

A.—Thoughts affect other people for good or ill, according as the thought is kind and loving, or unkind and selfish.

C. E.

43. Q.—Does a single good thought have much effect in the universe?

A.—Every good thought has a good effect and is felt by others according to the force which goes with it. Whether the thought is one or many, it still has its influence; whether much or little does not matter.

B. W.

The following questions have been received from children of the different Lotus Circles:

44.—Who was Pot-Amun?

45.—Did Confucius teach Brotherhood? Give a quotation from his writings which proves this.

- 46.—Which is better, to be buried or to be cremated?
 47.—What is the Theosophical idea of God?
 48.—What good is the astral body to us?
 49.—How long will it take us to gain our next two senses?

The Dream of Pythagoras.

“I became

A dark and tyrant cloud, driven by the storm,
 Too earthly to be bright, too hard of heart
 To drop in mercy on the thirsty land;
 And so no creature loved me. I was felt
 A blot where'er I came. Fair Summer scorn'd,
 And spurned me from her blueness, for she said
 I would not wear her golden fringe, and so
 She could not rank me in her sparkling train.
 Soft Spring refused me, for she could not paint
 Her rainbows, on a nature cold as mine,
 Incapable of tears. Autumn despised.
 One who could do no good. Dark Winter frown'd
 And numbered me among his ruffian host
 Of racers. Then unceasingly I fled
 Despairing, through the murky firmament,
 Like a lone wreck, athwart a midnight sea,
 Chased by the howling spirits of the storm,
 And without rest. At last, one day, I saw
 In my continual flight, a desert, blank
 And broad beneath me, where no water was;
 And there I marked a weary antelope
 Dying for thirst, all stretched out on the sand
 With her poor trembling lips in agony,
 Pressed to a scorched up spring: then, then, at last,
 My hard heart broke, and I could weep. At once
 My terrible race was stopped, and I did melt
 Into the desert's heart, and with my tears
 I quenched the thirst of the poor antelope.
 So having poured myself into the dry
 And desolate waste, I sprang up a wild flower
 In solitary beauty.”

Puzzle Department.

[Send answers to Puzzle Department, MERCURY, Rooms 5 and 6, Mercantile Library Building.]

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

23. Appraisement.
24. Long, oyster, Nell, dog, owl, not. London.
25. Harry, o; Charlie, 4c.; Frank, 8c.
26. Beast, best, Feast, fast; Pain, pan; Soup, sup; Course, corse.

27. CORN IN SIGHT.

1. The labyrinth I wandered round,
And various objects found.
2. Young calculators these will seek,
With ardor sometimes weak.
3. A lofty, stately step or stride,
Perhaps a sign of pride.
4. What folks are sometimes ask to lend;
I can't spare mine, my friend.
5. A horse that's rather small in size;
You'll ride him if you're wise.
6. See army officers arrayed,
Enough for a brigade.
7. What every woman likes to wear;
With men 'tis rather rare.
8. Sharp weapons, fit to scare beholders,
Familiar to your shoulders.
9. An inky spot, not made with ink.
But quite as black, I think.
10. An ornament that swings and sways
As zephyr with it plays.
11. A senator accounted wise,
And much inclined to rise.
12. What you must do when in a boat,
Or idly drift and float.
13. Where many men their death have met,
And more their living get.

No. 28. CURTAILMENT.

One is to scheme or plot,
 To sketch, design, I wot.
Whole is to cover
 With thick boards over—
 A deck is just the spot.

29. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I consist of thirteen letters, and form the name of a great soldier ; 10, 12, 3, 4 is a fruit ; 1, 2, 11, 8, 9 a province of Asia ; 10, 6, 12, 13 a member of the House of Lords ; 7, 9, 10 the juice of a tree ; 10, 12, 9, 4, 5, a gem of the ocean.

NO. 30. DECAPITATIONS.

I am an article of clothing ; behead me, and I am a grain ; behead me again, and I am a preposition ; behead again, and I am a consonant.

Wise Sayings.

Hear the secret of the wise. Be not anxious for subsistence ; it is provided by the maker. When the child is born the mother's breasts flow with milk. He who hath clothed the birds with their bright plumage will also feed thee. —*Hitopadesa.*

But there is another invisible eternal existence, higher, deeper, innermost ; not like this life of sense, escaping sight, unchanging. This endures when all created things have passed away. This is the highest walk and very supreme abode. —*Bhagavad Gita.*

To feed a single good man is infinitely greater in point of merit than attending to questions about heaven and earth, spirits and demons, such as occupy ordinary men.

—*Sutra of Forty-two Sections.*

The glorious sun shines on the evil and the mean man as well as on the good ; the earth withholds not her grain and fruits from either high or low, or well-disposed or those whose hearts are black with sin. How shall we, the image of God, hold back our help or sympathy from those who are in need ?

—*Tibetan Precepts.*

As the one fire, after it has entered the world, through one, becomes different according to what it burns, thus the One Self within all things, becomes different according to whatever it enters, but it exists apart.

There is one Eternal Thinker thinking non-eternal thoughts; He, though one, fulfills the desires of many. The wise, who perceive Him within their self, to them belong eternal life, eternal peace.

—*Upanishads.*

The Song of the Stars.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

[The following extract might well be called "The Song of Fohat".]

Away, away through the wide, wide sky,
The fair blue fields that before us lie—
Each sun with the worlds that round him roll,
Each planet poised on her turning pole,
With her isles of green and her cloud of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

For the Source of glory covers Its face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space,
And we drink as we go to the luminous tides
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides,
Lo, yonder the living splendors play;
Away, on our joyous path, away!

Look, look through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass!
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

* * * * *

Away, away in our blossoming bowers,
In the soft airs wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See, Love is brooding and Life is born;
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice like us, in motion and light.

Meetings and Classes.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The Children's Hour, or Lotus Circle, meets every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, at Rooms 5 and 6, Mercantile Library Building. All children are invited.

The H. P. B. Training Class meets every Friday evening at Rooms 5 and 6, Mercantile Library Building.

Free public lectures are given every Sunday at 7:45 P. M., at Red Men's Hall, 320 Post St. Strangers and inquirers earnestly invited.

OAKLAND, CAL.

"The Children's Hour" meets every Sunday at Hamilton Hall, corner 13th and Jefferson Streets, at 2 P. M.

SONG OF LIFE.

"Thou, Life, art Indra with its brightness. Thou art Rudra, the preserver. As the sun thou movest in the sky; thou art the master of the stars.

When thou reignest, Life, then these thy children rise up with gladness. There will be food, they say, according to our desire.

Thou art the exile, Life; the lonely seer; the good master of all.

* * * * *

This Life is born from the Self; and, like this shadow beside a man, it extends beside the Self. By the force of thought it enters this body.

—*Prashna Upanishad*

To forgive our enemies is a charming way of revenge, and a short Cæsarean conquest, overcoming without a blow; laying our enemies at our feet, under sorrow, shame and repentance; leaving our foes our friends, and solicitously inclined to grateful retaliations. Thus to return upon our adversaries is a healing way of revenge; and to do good for evil a soft and melting ultion, a method taught from heaven to keep all smooth on earth. Common forcible ways make not an end of evil, but leave hatred and malice behind them.

—*Sir T. Browne.*

A man has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage.

—*Addison.*